Exploring the Relationship Between God and Me: Nurturing Faith and Personal Connection.

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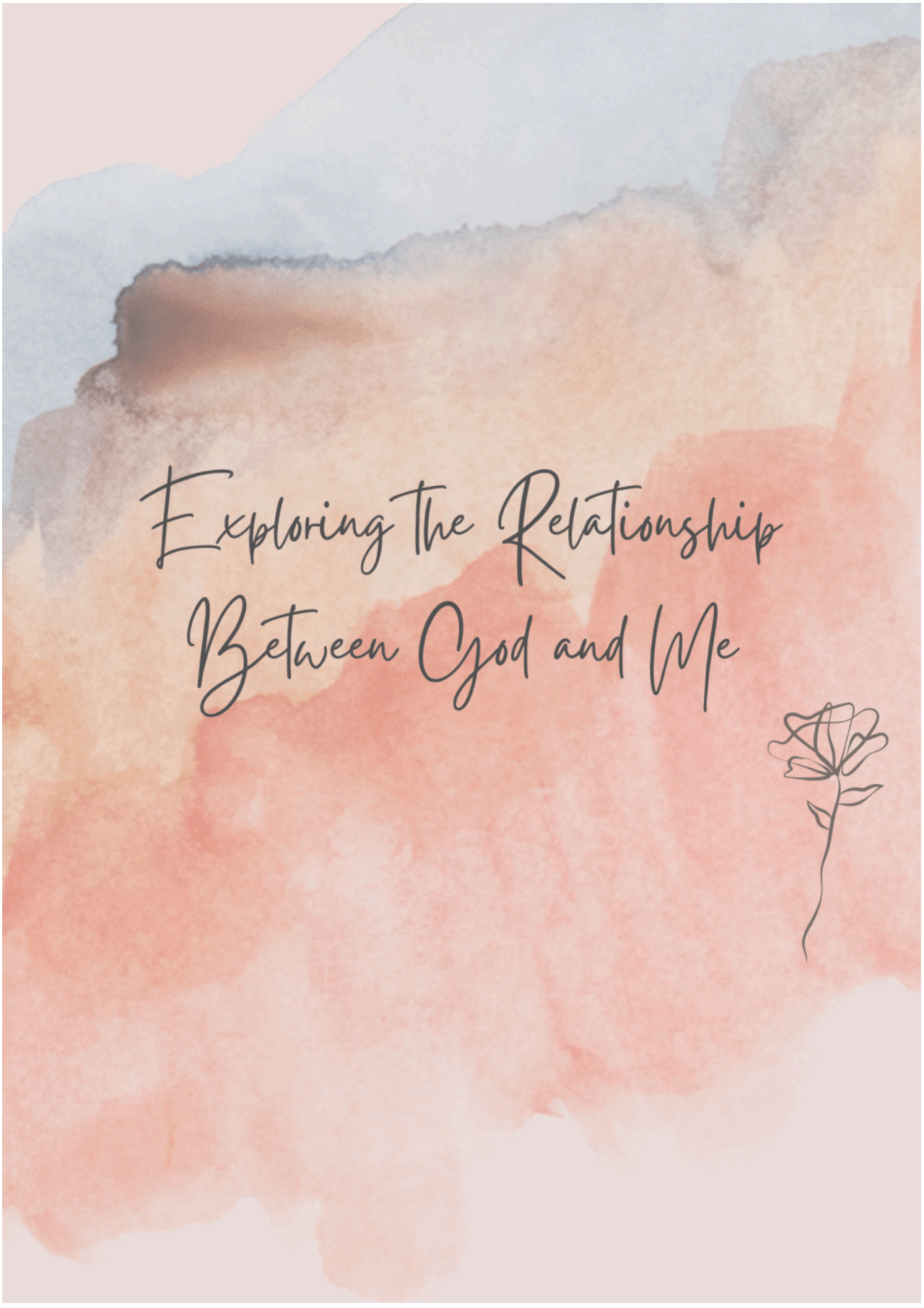
Exploring the Relationship Between God and Me



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by

Evelin shalomie
in 2014, Early Adulthood, The life of mine
In college, I felt alone and worried that I wouldn't be able to survive this life by satisfying or sacrificing. I begged God to forgive my sins and make me walk again. I had the impression that people saw me as a showpiece, and I was in pain. They seemed to regard me as a different species.

I questioned God about why he created me and what he truly intended for my life. I had faith in God. I asked myself what I had done wrong, and I felt my happiness, sadness, worry, and anything else that was unique to me. I felt distinct and distinct. I felt like I was always reliant on others for my survival, and nothing is permanent. I asked God to make me feel this way because he created me. What have I done wrong? I even begged God to let me die in this accident in exchange for having this life! I believed that no one could enter my life until the very end. Nothing is permanent, and I should live alone.

I wondered who could protect, accompany, and guide me through this life. I realised that I only believed in God and that everything else was absent from my life.

Only God seemed to be with me. Accepting it by others felt like blind faith to me. Everyone, Appa amma thambi, would feel some disguise at some point. Even believing in my friends was a leap of faith. While I used to believe that everything was blind belief, I began to see everything as temporary.

God gave me many blessings, but I felt they were all fleeting. Everything reminded me of Oasis. I was happy in my imaginary life, which I couldn't have in real life, but it was hated, and I thought it was sin. My fictitious life occasionally exceeds my capabilities. I love to walk; I prayed to walk; and I had many dreams about walking. I used to enjoy and live for small things. I could find happiness in the smallest of things. I learned to control my emotions and began to see the positive in everything. All of my negativity was transformed into positivity.
By having the courage to walk, I sacrificed my entire life.

I'd bloom the day I walked. I assumed I couldn't possibly miss anything because of this life. I asked God to be with me, and I don't want anyone else to be with me. I gave myself over to God. I begged Jesus not to conceal me from God's gaze. I'd like to talk to God. I requested from Jesus that I die rather than live this life. whom I could be of assistance I was afraid of committing suicide because it would send me to hell.

If this life in the world makes me feel like hell, I told myself, at least after death, I could reach God and possibly live with him.
As a girl, I, too, had many desires. People around me paid me special attention for being kind, just as I expected God to pay me special attention. I began to do strange things and balmed myself, telling myself, "I'm bad, I've sinned, I'm worthless, and I want to die." I despised myself and everything else.